Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſ. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in, foot, and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſ. But as the deuil would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets thē, groſſe as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſeſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch.

Falſ. What, art thou mad? art thou mad: is not the trueth the trueth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall green, whē it was ſo darke thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon. What ſay'eſt thou to this?

Poin. Come your reaſon, Iacke, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the rackes in the worlde, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plentie as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bedpreſſer, this horſe-backe-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fa. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elſkin, you dried neatstoūg, you buſſpizzel, you ſtockfiſh: O for breath to vtter, what is like thee? you tailers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtāding tuck.

Prin. Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but this.

Poynes. Marke, Iacke.

Prin. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure, & bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe, then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a worde,